9:Harney & Elkin E-4, 5 (ca. 1940) 1943 OI20 Tiwi OI20

Sickness is cured by beating the ground around the victim to hunt the evil spirit away. Likewise, a song, Upripu, is sung by the wives of the sick man to make him better. The *Kwewa*, a pointed bone, or sometimes a tomahawk is used to stab a person's urine or an article his body has touched (e.g. a bark he has lain upon to sleep) and so cause him to die. Blood thrown into the sea will cause a violent wind and a big tide. The Kulama rite will bring about the same result. No instance has been found of magic being used to entice the spirit from a person's body, yet if a person failed to show sympathy for the dead, the dead person's " shade " would cause that person to die and then run away with his " shade." To mention the name of the newly dead is taboo. If a person accidentally does this he must immediately hit his mouth and spit to cleanse it of the evil.

Names. The names given to the women and men are of three types; the first is the actual name and is given to a person at the Kulama rite; this is an ordinary word such as " honey nest," etc., but it is always in a different language from the ordinary one which is used everyday. The child also receives the name of his father, father's brother or father's sister; this is a traditional name. Then, in the case of a male, come the terms denoting his initiation grade in the Kulama. First stage—*Murakmani*; second stage—*Wadjaneta*; third stage—*Migingartiya*=first song and *Midjintera*=second song; fourth stage—*Mekearterima*=third song; and finally, *Makagala*, which denotes that the man is qualified to conduct a Kulama. Likewise, both sexes have grade names denoting their status in the Pukamane death ritual. Male terms: first stage—*waniati*; second stage—*warunerera*; third stage—*wanereterima*; fourth stage—*wanderara*. With girls and women these names are the same except for the ending denoting the sex.

In the case of women there are terms denoting age or condition. *Kudjine*—child; *alinga*—girl; *miriyaleta*—puberty; *murogarbra*—breasts developed; *piramuruka*—first sign of pregnancy; *paprungata*—pregnant woman; *wanantaka*—woman who has a child dead, and *umparu*—widow. Other terms are *pitukwen*—widower; *mentuygini* and *padrungga*—boy and girl respectively, whose mother is pregnant; *indjula*—a woman whose breasts have fallen; and as on the mainland, a mother is always called by the sex of the child she carries in her arms: *oriowri* if a boy, *kudjine* if a girl.

Language. The language is peculiar. In many instances, owing to the masculine and feminine endings of the words, the women seem to speak a different language to the men. In addition, another language, or set of words, which is very rarely spoken, seems to obtrude itself. Thus one article will have many names. This is brought about by the strong death-taboo on names; as soon as a native dies, his names and his son's names are taboo and others are substituted. In this way every year new words are coined. Only recently at a Kulama two new ones appeared as a consequence of this taboo. *Purinteriya*, new name for tree, and *alepwa*, new name for coconut. Or a Kulama name may be given as, say, *wilinkurawa*, the meaning of which will be given as honey nest; and yet numerous words for honey are nothing

797 of North Australia, they are fond of a joke. They chuckled
522 delightedly. Father McGrath can preach in the native language,
but dear old Father Gsell (every one on the north alludes to him
[198] in these affectionate terms) must deliver his sermons in pidgin.
Sometimes this greatly amuses the congregation, and many
spirited and life-like reproductions are enacted again and again
after the service.

797 WHILE taking a walk round the grounds of the mission
753 station, an urchin of no more than three and a half years of age
761 was pointed out. That very morning this little fellow had
plunged into the shark-infested straits and saved his baby sister
from drowning. She was unconscious when brought ashore, and
the usual methods of resuscitation were followed by Father
McGrath, who had hurried to the scene. Then arose one of the
difficulties the mission staff are constantly encountering. All the
[754] ills that befall the islanders are attributed to magic. No black
ever dies a natural death: always there is some evilly-disposed
person responsible!

When treatment was commenced, the child had been laid on her stomach while the water was pushed out of her body. The blacks had seen an apparently drowned boy revived when laid on his back, and immediately became excited and angry. It was necessary to turn the child over for a while, otherwise the mission fathers would have been held responsible if she had not recovered. And, all the time that treatment was in progress, an old woman (very much in the way) had sung in the baby's ear.

In the opinion of the women who had gathered round, it was the singing that brought the little girl back to life, and her recovery had nothing whatever to do with the father's efforts, although he would have been held responsible if he had not been able to save her! The old men have some glimmerings of common sense, but the old women are terrible old witches and it is quite impossible to convince them.

When anyone is sick, it is the invariable custom to sing a monotonous phrase over and over again in the patient's ear to bring him back to health; and, wherever a pain is felt, it is usual to cut the skin down to the third integument to let the sickness out. On one occasion a man was suffering from acute abdominal pains, and his relations, who wanted to cut him open, came to the mission fathers to seek their approval of this drastic treatment. Here was an awkward predicament! If the sick man was cut open, he was sure to die; and, since nothing would induce him to go to the hospital at Darwin for skilled attention, he might die in any case. In either event the fathers would be held responsible. They stood firm and refused their approval. However, while the relations were hesitating in view of the emphatic assertions of the mission fathers, the man made a surprising recovery. The cure was of course ascribed to the singing, not to the good advice that kept the man on a starvation diet of water only.

● 755 The islanders firmly believe that they will be poisoned if they go to Darwin for treatment, but they will always trust their own people. One man, who had been employed on a pearling lugger (all the islanders are naturally good seamen), had a leg taken by a crocodile, and was forced to find some new way of making a living. He had learnt a lot too much in the years that he was away, and, on his return to Bathurst Island, he set up in practice as a witch-doctor. A woman on the point of

[p. 16(A)]

13:Barclay J-3 (ca. 1939)1939 OI20 Tiwi OI20

755 death was an early patient. The new witch-doctor applied his lips to her chest and appeared to suck out a dirty, rusty rag, a piece of wire, and a few pebbles, together with some blood (which he probably produced by biting his tongue).

The woman died; but all the people uttered loud exclamations of wonderment at the cleverness of the doctor, and a collection, [272] chiefly of sticks of tobacco, was made to mark their approval of such distinguished surgical attainments. Similarly, when some youngsters had become entangled with a school of jelly fish while bathing in the Strait, one baby at least being quite unconscious, the old fellow performed his ritual, and collected, when the patients had all revived after treatment with ammonia by the mission fathers. Such are some of the trials and problems that have to be faced in dealing with the islanders.

622 And now we encountered Mariano. "This chap calls himself king," I was informed; "but nobody recognizes his authority." Mariano was a fine, upstanding man, and he carried a bundle of many-pronged and gaily-painted spears. "Me king!" said Mariano to me as we came up. "Hullo, King!" said I, and Mariano proudly inflated his chest at this highly proper recognition of his royal status. But, if Mariano is not king, he is at 721 least a person of some importance. They had been holding a 727 war on the islands for the previous six months or so, and arrangements for the next battle were being held up pending Mariano's decision about a corroboree at which his presence was essential. At the moment he could not make up his mind to leave the mission station, so war and corroboree were both in abeyance.

WARS are of frequent occurrence on the islands. The current combat was in connexion with the possession of a very young lubra; but, since there had been only two casualties (one man had lost an eye, and another warrior had had a leg broken) in the six months, in all probability she will have died of old age before the matter is settled, unless, of course, the warriors tire of this as a pretext and come to some arrangement. Any old excuse is good enough to start a war. If nothing better offers, they get one up "Married v. Single." Father Gaell approves of the wars.

As he says, they are the only form of manly recreation that the islanders have. It is seldom that anyone is hurt, and the battles are rather in the nature of a somewhat dangerous cricket-match with fast leg-theory permitted and encouraged. A cleared space in the forest is necessary for a battle, and consequently the mission aerodrome is a favourite site for the usually bloodless encounters. When battle is raging there, it is necessary to give the excited small boys of the mission school a holiday. They join in, too, and have great fun throwing stones at their elders.

726 Each engagement of a war is conducted with due regard to ceremony. The opposing factions line up with the width of the chosen battlefield between them. Messengers from each side march out and meet half-way between the two forces and, formal arrangements being made, return majestically each to his own side. Then each army makes a fire, round which the warriors race with spears upheld, getting closer and closer in their frantic circlings. They leap through the flames, burning the hair from their legs, and finally the circle becomes so close that the excited warriors, regardless of hot coals, tramp the fire out. With a yell of defiance, spears are cast in the air as high as the warriors can throw them.

[p. 16(B)]